A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

PSYCHO

T.M.

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SPECIAL ORIGIN OF COUNT

DRACULA

LORD OF THE LIVING DEAD!

THE FROZEN HORROR of the TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS

THE KILLER YETI!

ILLUSTRATED TALES OF TERROR FEATURING

VAMPIRISM! VOODOO! WITCHCRAFT!

...THERE ARE SOME **NEW HORRORS** IN THESE 1970's THAT APPEAR IN FILMS AND HORROR NOVELS AND IN MAGAZINES LIKE **PSYCHO, NIGHMARE** AND **SCREAM**... BUT THE **OLD HORRORS** ARE THE **BEST HORRORS**... FOR THE **EMOTIONS** THEY **STIR UP WITHIN US** ARE **REAL** AND **TIME-TESTED**... WHICH IS WHY WE ALWAYS TRY TO PRESENT **NEW HORRORS** RIGHT **ALONGSIDE** THE **TRADITIONAL, WEIRD**...

OLD HORRORS

...LIKE THE OLD **HOUSE ON THE HILL** THAT IS **BLACK** AND **EVIL** EVEN IN **DAYLIGHT**... BUT IN NIGHTLIGHT IS **GROTESQUE** AND **FOREBODING**...

...AND IN EVERY OLD HORROR TALE THERE IS THE **BEAST FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE** WHO COMES OUT TO **TAUNT** AND **TERRIFY** THE **VICTIM**... AND TO CREATE **FEAR** IN THE **MIND** OF THE **READER**...

...THE **VICTIM** OF COURSE BEING A FRIGHTENED YOUNG **GIRL** WHO BROUGHT THE **DEMON** OUT OF HIS **CRYPT** BY CHANTING A MACABRE **CURSE OF EVIL**...

...THE ELEMENT DEFINED ONLY AS **THE UNKNOWN**...

...THESE ARE THE **ELEMENTS** OF **ATMOSPHERE** THAT ARE **BUILT-IN** TO **EVERY OLD HORROR**... **THOSE** ELEMENTS AND ONE **OTHER**...

...THE **UNKNOWN ELEMENT** IS THE **MOST MACABRE OLD HORROR OF THEM ALL**...

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

PSYCHO

- edited by ALAN HEWETSON -

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ALPHONSO FONT AUGUSTINE FUNNELL
PABLO MARCOS EMILIO SUSO
RICARDO VILLAMONTE

psychotic contents

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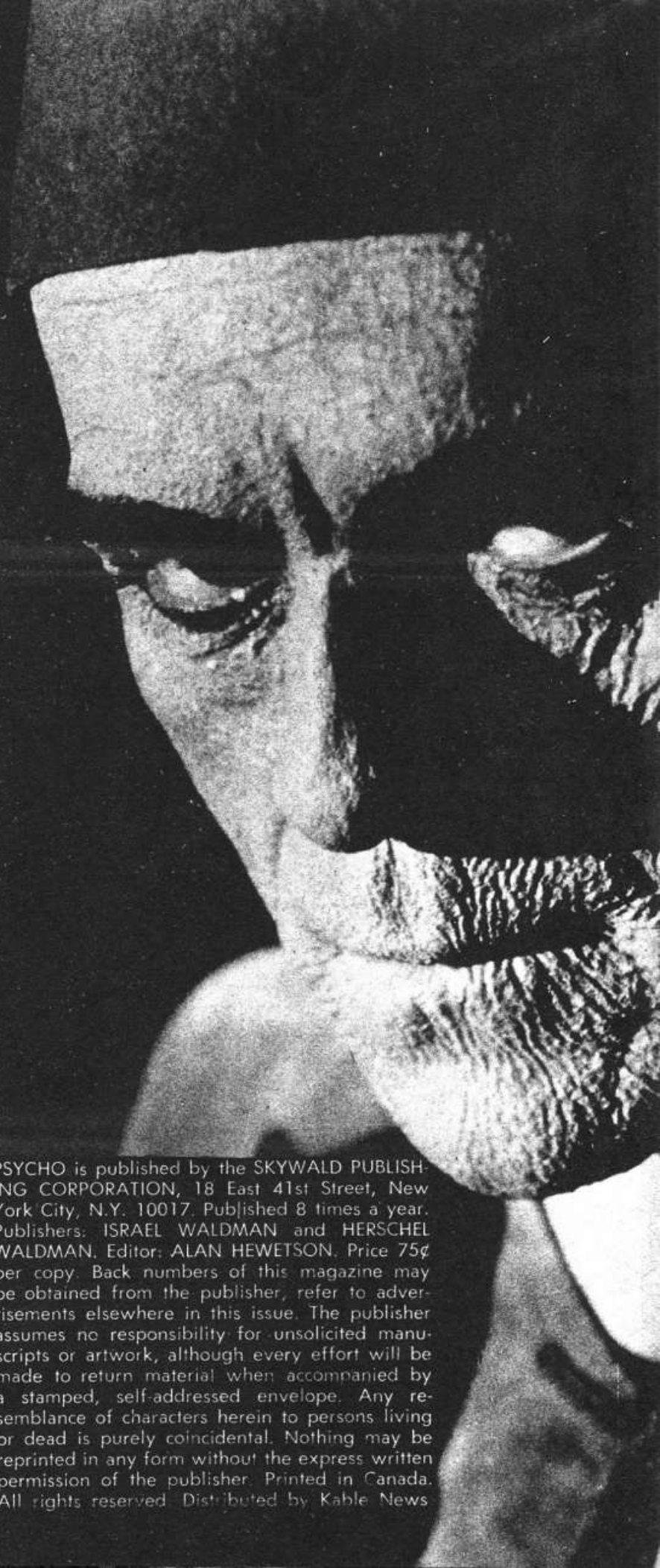

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OH LUCIFER-- I AM INDEED NOW YOUR COMPLETE WIFE...
...I AM WITH CHILD YOUR CHILD...THAT I KNOW WILL BE A SON...
...I AM YOUR COMPLETE BRIDE AND SERVANT, LORD LUCIFER...AND ERE LONG, SHALL DELIVER UNTO YOU A SON--WHOM WE SHALL NAME JUDAS!
LADY SATAN
PABLO MARCOS
WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY PABLO MARCOS
CHAPTER IV
THE SON OF LORD LUCIFER
...AND WHAT OF ANNE JACKSON MISTRESS? THE DEAD GIRL WHOSE BODY YOU INHABIT WILL KNOW...
...WILL SHE NOT TRY TO PREVENT THE BIRTH?...
--SHE UNDOUBTEDLY WILL... ...WE WILL HAVE TO TAKE CERTAIN MEASURES TO PREVENT ANY FOOLISH ACTIONS... ...SHE IS A STUPID AND IMMATURE GIRL--SHE'LL TRY TO KILL THE CHILD SOMEHOW...

...SHE MUST BE CONFINED TO OUR COVEN WHILE I SLEEP...
...SHE MUST BE RESTRAINED BY WHATEVER MEANS ARE NECESSARY...
...HER DAYS OF FREEDOM ARE ENDED -- AT LEAST UNTIL THE CHILD IS BORN...
... THE SON OF LORD LUCIFER...
I NEED TO REST NOW...
...CHAIN ME -- AS ANNE JACKSON TAKES CONTROL SHE MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO TRY TO TRICK YOU...
...YOU ARE ALL IDIOTS... AND MIGHT LISTEN TO HER...
DO NOT LET HER FREE UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES...
...YES MISTRESS...
SO ONE FALLS INTO SLEEP -- A SLEEP EVIL AND CORRUPT IN NIGHTMARES... VICIOUS DREAMS WHICH THE DREAMER ENJOYS...
...AND ANOTHER AWAKES -- ONE ANNE JACKSON... AN INNOCENT UNTOUCHED BY EVIL BUT THREATENED BY A HORRIBLE KNOWLEDGE THAT THE ONE WHO NOW SLEEPS WITHIN HER HAS COMMITTED AN ACT SO ATROCIOUS IT THREATENS ALL MANKIND!

LET ME FREE!
NO--YOU WILL NOT BE LET FREE--YOU WILL NOT BE ALLOWED FREEDOM FOR A LONG TIME...
...A VERY LONG TIME--'TILL A CERTAIN CHILD IS BORN...
THEY ARE NOT FOOLS... AT LEAST, LADY SATAN IS NO FOOL...
--SHE KNOWS I WOULD DESTROY THE CHILD WERE I PERMITTED FREEDOM--
...STILL... I MUST TRY...
I CAN'T ALLOW THE CHILD TO BE BORN... ...IT IS ONE THING TO ENDURE LADY SATAN...
...SHE IS JUST A MORTAL AND HER POWERS AND EVILS ARE LIMITED...
...IF I AM REALISTIC I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT TO KILL LADY SATAN IS TO KILL MYSELF--AND I HAVE ALWAYS FELT THAT SHE MIGHT SOMEHOW BE EXORCISED...
...AND THAT I MIGHT CONTINUE TO LIVE... THOUGH I KNOW NOT EXACTLY HOW, FOR MY BODY IS DEAD...
...BUT THESE THOUGHTS... HOWEVER INCONSISTENT WITH REALITY THEY ARE--MUST NOW BE SET ASIDE... AND I MUST FACE FACTS...
...I MUST SOMEHOW REGAIN CONTROL OF THIS BODY WHEN I AM SUPPOSED TO BE DORMANT AND LADY SATAN IS FREE...
...THEN--KILL THE CHILD... AND THERE IS ONLY ONE FAILSAFE WAY TO ACCOMPLISH THAT...
...I MUST KILL MYSELF...

...SOME HOURS... OR **DAYS**...
LATER... THE **MONSTER AWAKES**...

SINDRA...

...IT'S I... RELEASE THE **CHAINS** NOW AND MAKE **FOOD**... SOMETHING **PALATABLE**...

WHAT WOULD YOU **DESIRE** MISTRESS...?

...I'M NOT SURE... ...SOME **RAW CARROTS**... SOME **RAW FISH**...

...**RAW FISH**?...

I'M **PREGNANT** ...GET ME SOME **RAW FISH**!!

...I...

LORD SATAN!

ANNE IS TRYING TO **WREST CONTROL**... THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE --SHE CAN'T... SHE DOESN'T HAVE THE **POWER**...

...GRAB HER... RESTRAIN HER...
...SHE IS TOO STRONG...
GET OUT OF MY WAY... GET AWAY! GET AWAY!
GOD LET THIS WORK...
AAAAAAAAAA

... SHE'S MOVING...
I CAN'T KILL MYSELF! I CAN'T KILL MYSELF! GOD I'M ALREADY DEAD!
... I MUST DESTROY MY BODY... IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN DESTROY THE LIVING DEMON WITHIN MY DEAD BODY...

...SHE'S BREAKING FREE AGAIN...

HOLD HER!

...CAN'T EVEN DESTROY MYSELF? ...NOT A DROP OF BLOOD...
CHAIN HER TILL THE MISTRESS CAN REGAIN CONTROL!
WE CAN'T EVEN HOLD HER... HOW CAN WE CHAIN HER?...
SHE'S GONE MAD!!
PULL HER OUT!

SHE SEEMS LIFELESS...
WHAT OF THE CHILD... THE SON OF SATAN

...HOW CAN WE KNOW? LADY SATAN DOES NOT STIR...
...ANNE JACKSON SHOWS NO SIGN OF LIFE
...WAIT...

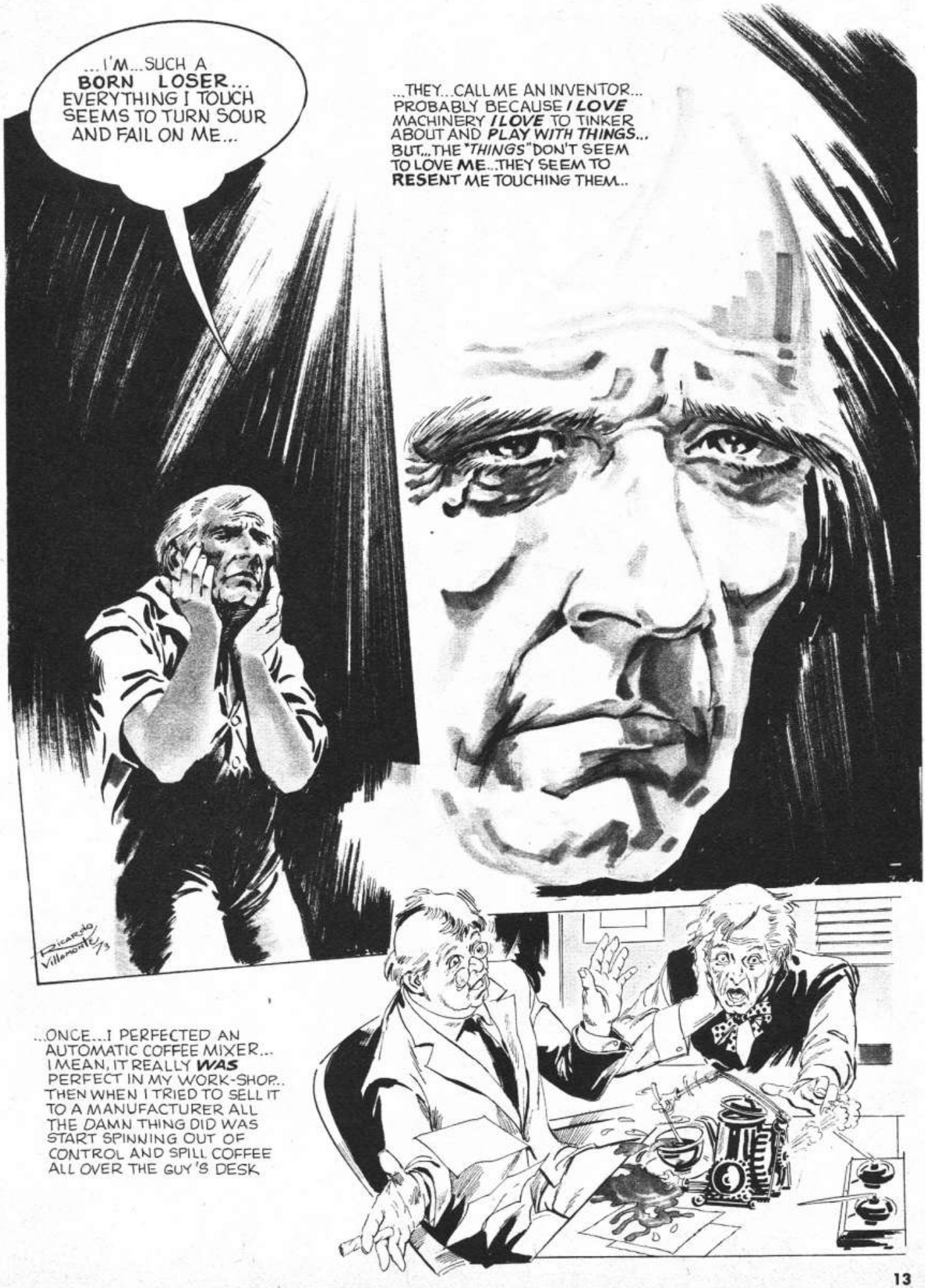
... HER EYES OPEN...
... THE CHILD... MY CHILD... DOES IT LIVE?...
...THE MISTRESS LIVES...

NEXT:

in

CHAPTER 5

THE REVENGE OF THE EARTH...


...I'M...SUCH A BORN LOSER... EVERYTHING I TOUCH SEEMS TO TURN SOUR AND FAIL ON ME...
...THEY...CALL ME AN INVENTOR... PROBABLY BECAUSE I LOVE MACHINERY I LOVE TO TINKER ABOUT AND PLAY WITH THINGS... BUT,..THE "THINGS" DON'T SEEM TO LOVE ME...THEY SEEM TO RESENT ME TOUCHING THEM..
RICARDO VILLAMONTE '13
...ONCE...I PERFECTED AN AUTOMATIC COFFEE MIXER... I MEAN, IT REALLY WAS PERFECT IN MY WORK-SHOP.. THEN WHEN I TRIED TO SELL IT TO A MANUFACTURER ALL THE DAMN THING DID WAS START SPINNING OUT OF CONTROL AND SPILL COFFEE ALL OVER THE GUY'S DESK

...THEN I INVENTED AN AUTOMATIC CAR WHICH REACTED TO **RED LIGHTS** AND **STOPPED** OF ITS OWN ACCORD ...ONLY PROBLEM WAS WITH THE **OCCUPANTS**...THEY WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE **WINDSHIELD**...

CRAK

...OH...I MUST HAVE INVENTED A **DOZEN** THINGS WHICH WORKED WELL UNTIL THEY WERE **SUPPOSED** TO AND THEN...OH HELL...THEN ALL **HELL** BROKE LOOSE ..THEY CAME TO CALL ME THE BAD BOY OF THE "*INVENTION GAME*"...THEY TRADED MY NAME HARVARD FOR THAT STUPID CRUEL NICKNAME "*BAD BOY*"... GOD HOW I HATE MOST PEOPLE...HOW I **HATE** PEOPLE WHO CALLED ME **BAD BOY BEAVER**... IF I ONLY GOT A BREAK... JUST **ONCE**... I'D SHOW THEM WHAT I COULD ACCOMPLISH...I'D WORK LIKE:

WRITTEN BY EDWARD FARTHING ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE

LIKE a BAT HELL OUTTA

...BUT... I'LL NEVER GET THE **CHANCE**...NOT **NOW**... LOOKS LIKE I **BLEW IT**...I'D BETTER START AT THE BEGINNING I GUESS...INSTEAD OF THE CRUMMY **END**...

...IT...**STARTED** THE DAY I PICKED UP A PAPER SOMEBODY LEFT IN THE LAUNDROMAT AND I FOUND THE **AD** FOR THE **CASTLE**...SOME GUY IN THE **BRONX** HAD INHERITED A **CASTLE** SOMEWHERE IN **EUROPE** AN' WAS TRYING TO **SELL IT**...

...MY...**FIRST** MISTAKE WAS **BUYING IT**... IT TOOK ALMOST EVERY LAST CENT I **HAD**... I'D FIGURED ON TURNING THE PLACE INTO A EUROPEAN **DISNEY WORLD** BUT...WHEN I SAW WHAT I'D DROPPED MY MONEY ON...

IT WAS A **DUMP**...EVEN MY COACHMAN WASN'T IMPRESSED...

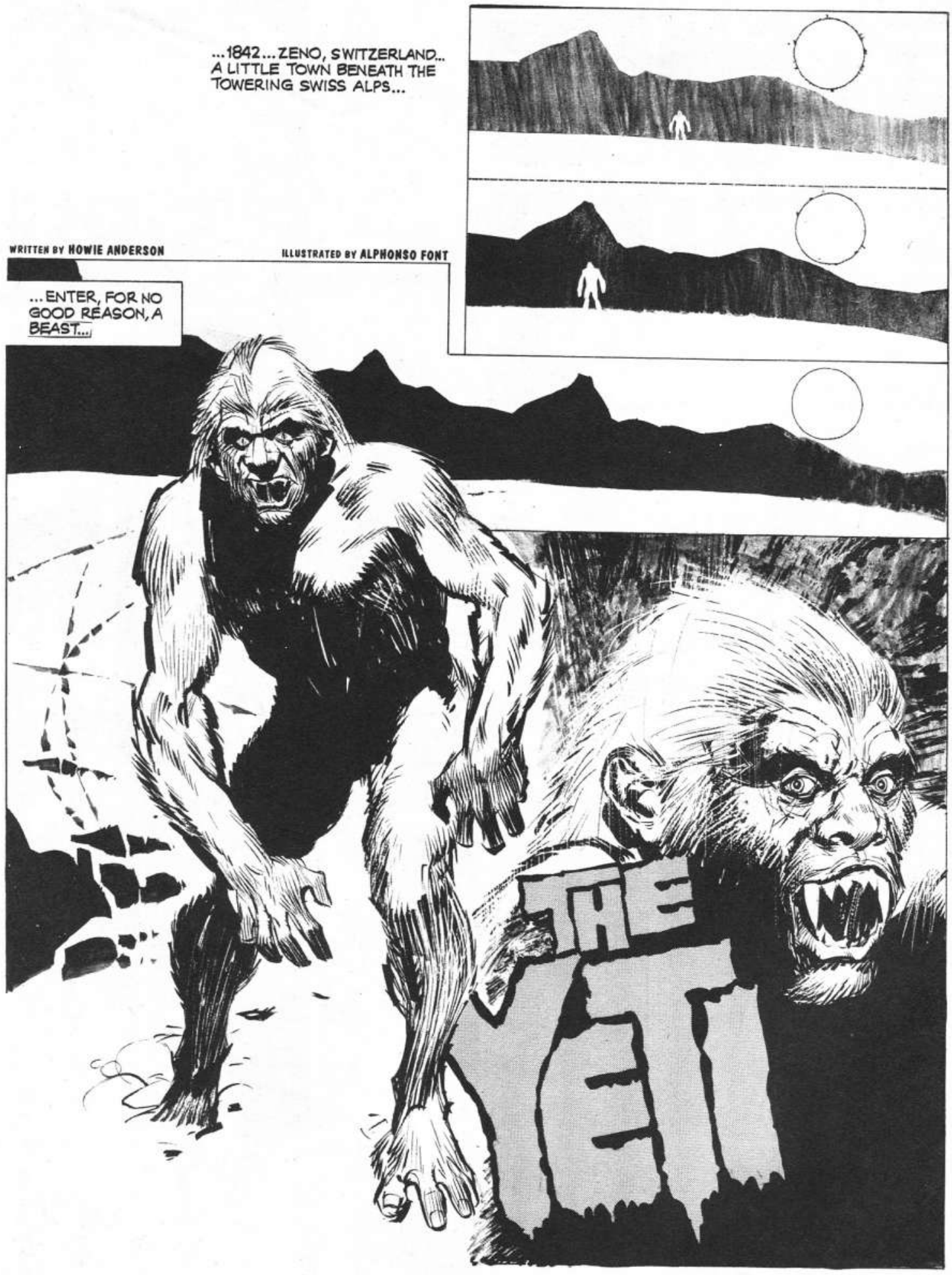
...STILL...I KEPT MY CHIN UP STARTED MY RENOVATIONS...I WORKED DAY AND NIGHT...NIGHT AFTER NIGHT TO PUT THAT DUMP IN GOOD ORDER...
...I'M BUILDING A EUROPEAN DISNEY WORLD...AND WHEN IT IS FINISHED IT WILL MAKE ME RICH.. ...AND...YOU WILL BE RICH TOO...
...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
...NEARBY...THE TOWN'S FOLK WATCHED CURIOUSLY AND CAME TO ME FINALLY BEGGING TO KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING...
AND...WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN DO THIS ALL BY YOURSELF, SIR?...
...MY...BRILLIANT MECHANICAL APTITUDE... MY ABILITY TO WORK LONG HARD HOURS...BUT MAINLY BECAUSE I WANT THE MONEY!
...THEY...BECAME VERY INTERESTED WHEN I TOLD THEM I WAS AN INVENTOR...AND WANTED ME TO INVENT SOMETHING FOR THE GOOD OF THE TOWN...
...SO...I DID...I INVENTED FOR THEM AN AUTOMATIC MAILMAN... ...ACTUALLY WAS A KIND OF A BIRD THAT FLEW AROUND TOWN TO A PRE-RECORDED MINIATURE COMPUTER BUILT INSIDE METAL SKIN...
...IT...WORKED FINE IN THE LAB...

... BUT... WHEN THE 'BIRD' WENT INTO ACTION EVERYTHING WENT WRONG... IT TRAVELLED SO FAST THE FRICTION BURNED UP ALL THE LETTERS... IT EVEN TURNED ITS SHINY METAL SKIN BLACK SO IT RESEMBLED A HIDEOUS BLACK BAT... PEOPLE WOULD SEE IT COMING AND YELL... 'WATCH OUT.. HERE IT COMES... LIKE A BAT OUTTA HELL'...
...THEN... ONE DAY AS IT FLEW SO LOW IT STRUCK A LITTLE INNOCENT CHILD ON THE BACK OF HER HEAD AND KILLED HER... THAT.. WAS THE END FOR ME...
...THE TOWNSFOLK DECIDED MY FATE BEHIND MY BACK...
WE GOTTA RUN HIM OUT!
YEH... HE'S JUST LIKE THAT OTHER INVENTOR LEGEND TELLS OF... LIVED JUST LIKE HE DOES UP IN THAT CASTLE...
...HE'S ANOTHER FRANKENSTEIN...

...THEN...THEY STORMED MY CASTLE...STORMED IT LIKE PEASANTS OUT OF SOME OLD FRANKENSTEIN MOVIE...
... BUT...I WAS PREPARED FOR THEM ...AS THEY STORMED THE DRAWBRIDGE MY ELECTRONIC APPARATUS LIFTED IT UP...
...UNFORTUATELY... SOMETHING WENT WRONG AND IT ONLY WENT UP HALF-WAY...
...DUMPING MANY OF THEM INTO THE MOAT...
...WHERE THEY WERE ATTACKED BY MY MAGNIFICENT ELECTRONIC ALLIGATORS...
...UNFORTUNATELY... THEY SHORT-CIRCUITED AND ELECTROCUTED THE FOOLS AS THEY TRIED TO SWIM TO SAFETY...

...BUT...I NOTICED IN MY TELEVISION CLOSED-CIRCUIT SET-UP SOME OF THEM MAKING IT OVER THE WALLS...THEY DIDN'T GET FAR...AS THEY APPROACHED THE DOOR TO MY LAB MY ROBOT KNIGHTS FLUNG THEIR AXES IN THE WAY...
...BUT...AGAIN SOMETHING WENT WRONG... DON'T ASK HOW...BUT THEIR AXES DIDN'T STOP AT JUST BLOCKING THEIR WAY...THEY KEPT DESCENDING AND SPLIT THEIR SKULLS OPEN...
...WELL...THAT'S IT...THAT'S ALL I'M GONNA TAKE...THIS WORLD STINKS AND EVERTHING AND EVERYBODY IN IT...
...YOU...TRY TO BE A NICE GUY AN' WHAT HAPPENS?... EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING TREATS YOU LIKE DIRT...
...WELL...I'VE HAD IT...UP TO MY TEETH...
...I'M...FINISHED WITH IT ALL...
I TOLD YOU HE WAS WEIRD... LOOK A HIM...HE IS TOTALLY MAD!

...I...HAVE HAD ENOUGH!
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!
...AND I'VE HAD ENOUGH ALREADY!!!
..ENOUGH..
...ENOUGH...
...ENOUGH...
...ENOUGH...
...ENOUGH...


...1842... ZENO, SWITZERLAND... A LITTLE TOWN BENEATH THE TOWERING SWISS ALPS...
WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY ALPHONSO FONT
...ENTER, FOR NO GOOD REASON, A BEAST...
THE YETI

...IT COMES... TO KILL...
...AND IT TURNS A PEACEFUL LITTLE TOWN...
...INTO A PLACE OF LIVING HELL...
AAAAAH!
...EXPECT NO THOUGHTS TO COME OUT THE MIND OF THIS BEAST... FOR THO HE IS NOT UNLIKE A HUMAN IN STATURE... HE IS DEVOID OF THE SINGLE ELEMENT WITHIN HIS BODY THAT SEPARATES MAN FROM ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN...
CRASH!
...THAT IS -- A RATIONAL BRAIN...

...WITHOUT RESPECT FOR WHO -- THE THING KILLS...
...WITHOUT RESPECT FOR WHERE -- THE THING KILLS...
...WITHOUT SUCH REASONS--IT KILLS STUPIDLY-- INDISCRIMINATELY... ITS INHUMAN PHYSICAL SIZE AND POWER REPELLING ALL WHO TRY TO STOP ITS DESTRUCTIVE PATH...
K-AAWAAP
K-AWAM
...THE MONSTER IS INVULNERABLE... WITH A HIDE AS THICK AS STEEL AND A STRENGTH AS MIGHTY AS AN ELEPHANT... ITS RAMPAGE IS UNSTOPPABLE...

WHAT DOES IT WANT?
IT WANTS ONLY DEATH... ONLY BLOOD... THE THING HAS NO MIND TO KNOW WHY...
HOW CAN WE STOP IT?
...WE CAN ONLY AVOID IT TILL IT LEAVES...
WE CAN'T STOP IT...
...IT MIGHT NEVER LEAVE...
...PERHAPS WE SHOULD ASK FOR THE ARMY TO COME IN...
...BY THE TIME THE ARMY GETS HERE WE'LL ALL BE DEAD...
...I MUST STOP IT...

...NIGHT FALLS -- THE VILLAGE DOORS ARE ALL BOLTED AND LOCKED...
...IN A FRUITLESS ATTEMPT TO STOP 'IT'...
...WHILE ONE DOOR OPENS AND A MAN EXITS -- TO DO BATTLE WITH A MONSTER...

...IT THREATENS INNOCENT PEOPLE...
...IT KILLS CHILDREN -- MURDERS FATHERS...
...IT HAS TO BE STOPPED...
...AND I APPEAR THE ONLY MAN COMPETENT OF STOPPING IT...

GRAA
R!
...HE'S -- KILLING IT -- HES STRANGLING THE YETI...

...ITS -- DEAD -- H-HE'S KILLED IT...
...IT NEEDED KILLING...
...NO MONSTER SHOULD BE ALLOWED SUCH RAMPANT MURDER...
ALFONSO FONTES
...AND BESET THO I AM WITH MY OWN TROUBLES --
--I CAN'T ALLOW A MINDLESS MONSTER TO KILL INNOCENT PEOPLE...

...I CANNOT, FOR MY **SOUL** REMEMBER **HOW**, OR EVEN **WHERE**, I FIRST BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH THE **LADY LIGEIA**...

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S LIGEIA

...BUT THE **MOMENT I MET HER** -- FROM THE **FIRST MOMENT** -- **I LOVED HER**... I HAVE NEVER **LOVED ANYONE** AS I **LOVED HER**... I OWE HER MY **LOVE**... I OWE HER MY **LIFE**... SHE WAS MY **ALL** AND MY **EVERYTHING**... MY **LADY LIGEIA**...

WRITTEN BY
EDGAR ALLAN POE

ILLUSTRATED
BY DURAN

...SHE WAS TALL, SOMEWHAT SLENDER ...THERE IS NO EXQUISITE BEAUTY, WITHOUT SOME 'STRANGENESS' IN THE PROPORTION... I LOOKED AT THE DELICATE OUTLINES OF THE NOSE -AND NOWHERE BUT IN THE GRACEFUL MEDALLIONS OF THE HEBREWS HAD I BEHELD A SIMILAR PERFECTION... IN BEAUTY OF FACE NO MAIDEN EVER EQUALLED HER...

...IN HER LAST DAYS... WHEN SHE FELL MORTALLY ILL AND ANGUISHED IN HER SOUL, SHE BECAME EMACIATED -- SHE CAME AND DEPARTED AS A SHADOW...

...AS SHE DIED THE PALE FINGERS BECAME OF THE TRANSPARENT WAXEN HUE OF THE GRAVE AND THE BLUE VEINS UPON HER FOREHEAD SWELLED AND SANK IMPETUOUSLY WITH THE TIDES OF THE MOST GENTLE EMOTION...
O GOD! O GOD... O DIVINE FATHER! MUST SHE DIE?... MUST MY BELOVED LEAVE ME?
...NOT BEING ABLE TO THINK, NOT BEING ABLE TO BELIEVE I HAD A TOMORROW, I TOOK IT INTO MY MIND TO BE A HERMIT, AND PURCHASED AN ABBEY, IN ENGLAND... IT WAS A GLOOMY BUILDING, COVERED IN DECAY AND ROTTED GRANDEUR...
... I TOOK TO OPIUM TO DRUG MY SORROWS...

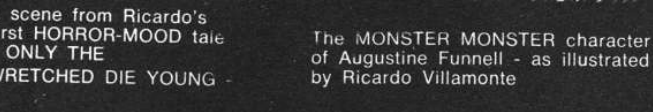
...AFTER AWHILE I MARRIED AGAIN... THE FAIR-HAIRED AND BLUE-EYED LADY ROWENA TREVANION...
...BUT MY HEART WAS NOT WITH HER... BUT A MILLION MILES AWAY WITH THE LADY LIGEIA...
...LADY ROWENA BECAME ILL... PERHAPS BECAUSE I ABANDONED AND IGNORED HER... BUT ON HER DEATH-BED I ATTENDED HER... EVEN THO MY MIND WAS ON LIGEIA...
...LADY ROWENA DIED... AND AT THE TERRIBLE MOMENT OF HER DEMISE, I WAS BESIDE HER AND YET NOT, FOR MY MIND WAS ON LIGEIA... LADY LIGEIA... MY MIND -- MY HEART WAS ETERNALLY WITH LIGEIA...

...AND EVEN AS I SAT THE NIGHT BESIDE THE COFFIN, WITH LADY ROWENA WITHIN, WRAPPED AND VEILED... I THOUGHT NOT OF HER—BUT ALWAYS OF LIGEIA--ALWAYS OF MY LOVE, MY LADY LIGEIA...
WHAT?... IS... THIS?
...EDGAR...
LADY ROWENA... YOU LIVE... YOU LIVE MY WIFE... YOU LIVE!!
...BUT EVEN AS I UTTERED THE WORDS I THOUGHT OF LIGEIA...
...AND SUDDENLY WAS STRUCK BY A MAD THOUGHT AS I LOOKED AT THE BLACK-HAIR FALLEN UNDER OUT THE VEIL...
NO... LORD -- YOU ARE NOT ROWENA...
...OH LORD LORD YOU ARE MY LADY LIGEIA... MY LOVE... YOU ARE ALIVE... RETURNED FROM THE DEAD... YOU ARE MY LADY LIGEIA DEAR LORD!!

OH DEAD LOVE OF MY LOVE-- DEAR LIGEIA... DEAR LIGEIA...
OH LORD NO... DEAR LORD, LIGEIA, NO... NO!
...NO...
No!
FIN

...SOON OUR LOVE FOR SONIA BECAME HATE...FOR WE KNEW SHE WAS CONDEMNING US TO DIE AT THE HANDS OF HER SUBJECTS...THE VAMPIRE-SLAVES...

a scene from Ricardo's first HORROR-MOOD tale - ONLY THE WRETCHED DIE YOUNG -



The MONSTER MONSTER character of Augustine Funnell - as illustrated by Ricardo Villamonte

Villamonte's BATS are so fierce they inspired an all-new character coming up in TOMB OF HORROR #1 THE BAT — MERCY, MERCY, CRIES THE MONSTER!

...EMPEROR LUCIFER...
...MASTER OF ALL THE REVOLTED SPIRITS...
...I ENTREAT THEE, O COUNT ASTAROT...
...BE PROPITIOUS TO ME...
...GRANT AN APPEARANCE TO ME IN THY HUMAN FORM...
OH, GRAND LUCIFER...

a scene from Villamonte's LADY SATAN

Horror-Mood Artist of the Month

RICARDO VILLAMONTE

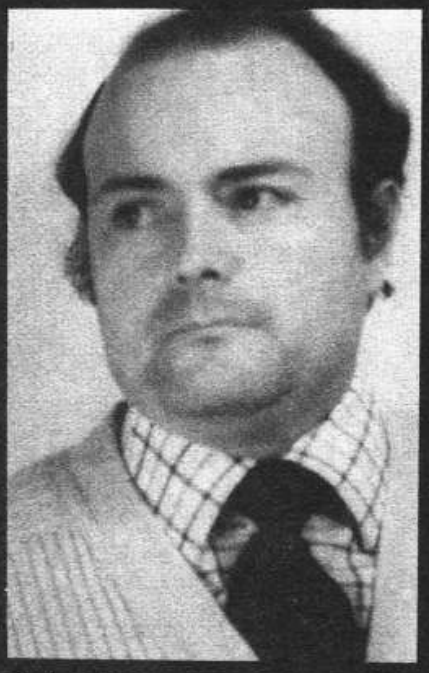
the Ricardo Villamonte masterpiece of horror — THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE

One of the most popular mood-team artists is Rancid RICARDO VILLAMONTE, a newcomer to these pages who rose to the top of his field within one short year. Villamonte lives with his wife and family in New Jersey, where daily he works on his stories and many characters: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE, LADY SATAN, MONSTER MONSTER, and shortly — the one and only HEAP! His creations are countless, and his imagination is vast . . . he is a man of many styles, as readers know from the contrasting tales THE ANCIENT ONE and ONLY THE WRETCHED DIE YOUNG (his first tale, which he plotted himself). From the very beginning, his work has been popular with mood-team writers and readers alike, and his future stories will be featured in just-about every issue to delight fanatics of the bizarre and the macabre.

a scene from GREED

PSYCHOTIC PSYCHO MAILBAG

this is
mood-team member LUIS COLLADO
(affectionately known around the office as
the late-departed LURID LUIS)



Luis Collado was born in far-away Spain in 1935, but since has spent most of his time travelling the world, sipping China tea, drinking Argentinian Bols, or drowning in Florida's swamps. He had a tough childhood — his parents were opposed to his interest in comics and so he ran away from home at age 4 to join a circus, where he worked as an elephant boy during the day, and as a comic artist at night, illustrating the very popular European newspaper strip: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ELEPHANT. At age 10, he ran away from the circus to join a home, where he worked as a child during the day, playing games such as chess and basketball, and as a comic artist at night, illustrating the very popular European strip: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BASKETBALL. During the 2nd world war, he died! Now, as an adult, Mr. Collado is married and has two children during the day, and at night works as a comic artist, illustrating mythology, science fiction and horror tales for various magazines throughout the world. His horror-mood tales now occupy most of his time, and he is becoming one of the most popular artists in the horror-mood stable, with such stories as THE VULTURE, THIS IS YOUR LIFE, SAM HAMMER, THIS IS YOUR DEATH, and the soon-to-be-published A TALE OF HORROR. "In spite of everything", says Luis, "I'm happy" . . . a feeling we ALL have when it comes to the weird work of Luis Collado, for his work is exciting, innovative, and is welcomed by horror-mood lovers of the macabre everywhere!

Welcome to the 19th issue of PSYCHO MAGAZINE, an issue fraught with excitement — herein, Paranoic PABLO MARCOS presents LADY SATAN, Rancid RICARDO VILLAMONTE screams LIKE A BAT OUTTA HELL, ALPHONSO FONT freezes to death in the Swiss Alps getting his tongue stuck in his cheek as he tells us about THE YETI, while Depressing DURAN and Entombed EDGAR ALLAN POE choke as they tell us about the girl called LIGEIA, HELL IS ON EARTH for the Lord of the Undead — DRACULA, Archaic Al presents scenes from the GREAT CLASSIC HORROR MOVIES AND STORIES, and Awkward AUGUSTINE FUNNELL teams up with Monster Monster for the incredible VILLAMONTE VILLAMONTE SAGA — the exciting chapter this issue is: AND IN NEW JERSEY — A VILLAMONTE! or something like that . . . it's all herein, and provides you with enough reading entertainment for a month of Black Sabbaths — but these pages are where we take a moment out to review the archaic horror mailbag, affectionately known as the PSYCHOTIC PSYCHO MAILBAG, and to print some of your psychotic correspondence . . .

. . . like this note from GERALD COOK of Swift Current, Saskatchewan, Canada — "The NIGHTMARE issue #17 was the first issue that I have had a chance to read. I must say that it is a fantastic magazine. All the stories are so original and well written that it is hard to choose a favorite. But I would say that THE VAMPIRE OUT OF HELL would be my choice — I've read many other magazines of this type but they seem to lack the HORROR-MOOD which is so perfectly injected into your stories — my thanks to you! . . . "

. . . we though you'd be interested in this line from a recent letter from CHRISTOPHER LEE, commenting on the CHRISTOPHER LEE INTERVIEW in NIGHTMARE #17 — it says, in part: "I am sure you have considerable success with this magazine and I was pleased with the article about myself . . . in fact, it is becoming increasingly rare these days for any member of my profession to be quoted in context and accurately — I am grateful! " . . .

. . . we are grateful to CHRISTOPHER LEE, not only for his kind comments, but also for his great interview, which proved to be immensely popular . . . we will continue to review CHRISTOPHER LEE movies as they are released, and we'll bring you all the news and views about his world of horror-fantasy in future issues

. . . Mr. Paranoic Pablo Marcos, who graces our pages this month with the re-vamped LADY SATAN series, is returning to Mexico with his wife and family, after a 3 year sojourn away from his homeland, here in New York City . . . Pablo will be establishing a studio in Mexico, and we wish him the very best of luck and happiness . . .

. . . a letter from ALLAN TOMAS of Watsonville, California — "I was reading your magazine PSYCHO and I was fascinated by one of your stories: THE 13 DEAD THINGS — it was interesting mainly because it reminded me of myself . . . I'm in jail myself for a short while. I'm 18 years old and enjoy horror stories very much — I like acting and have been quite successful in several local productions . . . I'm excellent with make-up and I enjoy every facet of the theater. Anyway, I'm just writing to thank you — keep writing your wonderful, exciting stories for weird people like me to read . . . "

. . . corrupt correspondence from BRAD KOHLER of Coraoplis, Pennsylvania — "PSYCHO #17 was very good I must say — the FABA cover was great (most of your covers have a touch of terror, this one had a bucket-full). THE BLACK SCULPTURE OF THE PHAROAHS started out the issue fine, only to be marred with the next story which is better forgotten completely. THIS IS THE VAULT OF THE LIVING DEAD was so-so . . . the ending I could guess! THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE DEAD was great! Great story! Great De La Rosa! I really loved the smashed subway cars scene! THE CRIME IN SATAN'S CRYPT was also good and the ending had a good twist! THE LUNATIC CLASS OF '64 was a little hard to believe but was good! THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT was another great story, and the art was great in MONSTER, MONSTER HEED DEATH'S CALL! . . . I'll let you know about the story as soon as I figure it out! PSYCHO #17 was VERY good . . . all things considered — SKYWALD is certainly #1 . . . "

. . . we have just enough of a wee space left to fill-in with a couple of preview news from the mood-team . . . Emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY has just completed his masterpiece of terror: THE CURSE OF THE SNAKE GODDESS, which'll be seeing print before too long . . . Archaic Al has just completed his masterpiece of horror: THE BAT — MERCY, MERCY CRIES THE MONSTER — a new character which'll be appearing in the first issue of TOMB OF HORROR (miss it not) . . . Awkward Augustine Funnell has just completed his masterpiece of suspense: DOWN TO HADES . . . TO DIE! which we assure you, is just about as weird a tale as it's humanly possible to concoct — of course, Awkward Augustine isn't exactly HUMAN so for him it was EASY . . .

. . . that's all folks, but just for now — next month we'll be winging more tales of horror on their way to your local HORROR-MOOD newsstand meanwhile, why not drop us a note, or fill in the best story of the issue coupon, an' let us know what you thought of our efforts to entertain YOU . . .

R.I.P. ARCHAIC AL

my favorite story this issue is : .....

comment : .....

.....

name : ..... **age :** .....

address : .....

city n' other : .....

mail to : SKYWALD BEST STORY
Skywald Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street Rm 1501
New York City, N.Y. 10017

news flash — mere moments before finishing off these letters pages we discovered a weird new artist who will be gracing these pages soon . . . we don't know exactly WHAT we'll be assigning him (he just walked out of the office mere moments ago — but BOY were we IMPRESSED! — as YOU will be IMPRESSED as soon as you see his work!) but it'll be appearing in just a few issues . . . the gentleman's name is AGRAS

by COLLADO and AUGUSTINE FUNNELL

— soon to be published — a grand fable of men and monsters in the snowbound YETI ALPS, a place where no man dare tred lest he has the guts of a MADMAN — for there are other things than the wind on the move this night — things much more horrible than the imagined words on the late-night gale — things that move — and KILL — coming next month in

PSYCHO

MINI-HORROR-PREVIEW CONTEST — fill in the missing voice balloons and win an all expenses paid trip to HELL — no no, we're only kidding, this isn't a horror preview contest, but for HORROR-FUN why not fill in what you think the 2 victims are saying — and check out your balloons with the real balloons in chapter 2 of THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS: I AM HORROR — next month in

SCREAM

...THE DARK AGES... RUMANIA... THE MAN YOU SEE IS CALLED **DRACULA**...

...THIS IS **CHAPTER TWO** OF HIS SPECIAL 3-PART-SAGA...

...HE WAS A **MONARCH**... AND HIS **PEOPLE TOOK AWAY** HIS **KINGDOM** AND **KILLED HIM**...

...HE WAS AN **ALCHEMIST**, AND AIDED BY SERVANTS HE AVOIDED **PREMATURE BURIAL**... FOR HE WAS NOT **DEAD**, MERELY **DRUGGED**...

...HE WAS **VLAD**... A CHARACTER OF **TRUE HISTORY**, NOT FICTION... NAMED **DRACULA** BECAUSE HE WAS AN **INSANE MASS MURDERER**, AND **DRACULA** (TRANSLATED FROM RUMANIAN) MEANS **SATAN** OR **DEMON-ON-EARTH**...

...SELF-RIGHTEOUS, IGNOBLE **PEASANTS**... ...PIGS OF THE FILTHY EARTH ITSELF... ...YOU **KILL** YOUR **MONARCH**-YOUR **GOD**, THEN **BURN** HIS **CASTLE** AND **LOOT** HIS **BELONGINGS**! ...CRETINS... ...I'LL HAVE MY **REVENGE** ON EVERY SINGLE **BASTARD ONE** OF YOU...

...SO SWEARS THE MAN WHO IS **DRACULA**...

...HE **ROSE OUT HIS CRYPT** TO SEE HIS MAGNIFICENT **CASTLE BURN** TO THE **GROUND**-- AND AT THIS SIGHT HE SWORE **REVENGE**... HE SWORE HE'D RAISE **HEAVEN** AND **HELL** TO ATTAIN HIS **VENGEANCE**-- AND **THAT** IS WHAT **THIS** TALE IS ALL ABOUT...

THE REVENGE OF DRACULA

WRITTEN BY **STUART WILLIAMS** ILLUSTRATED BY **EMILIO**

...SO SWEARS THE MONARCH **VLAD**... THE **CORRUPT, EVIL DESPOT** WHO **DARED SLAUGHTER 10 THOUSAND** MEN IN A SINGLE DAY... ... BUT WHAT HE **HAS** DONE IS **NOTHING**... WORTHLESS BUTCHERY THAT IS ALL... THE **POWER** HE IS **ABOUT** TO ATTAIN THIS **VERY NIGHT** WILL MAKE HIS **PAST** SEEM **PALE** IN **COMPARISON**...

HELL IS ON EARTH!

...PEASANT PIGS...I'LL FILL THE GUTTERS WITH YOUR BLOOD...
...I HAVE RIDDEN ALL NIGHT... I AM TIRED, BOTH OF LIMB AND MIND, FROM PLANS TO EFFECT REVENGE... ...THAT LITTLE SHACK WILL BE HONORED TONIGHT... FOR THEREIN A MONARCH SHALL SLEEP!
...THERE'S NO ONE ABOUT... JUST AS WELL... I'M NEITHER IN A MOOD TO EXPLAIN NOR TO SLAUGHTER... ...WHAT MISERABLE SURROUNDINGS... ...STILL ...THE COT WILL AFFORD ME A DECENT REST I SUPPOSE...
...EVEN A PERVERTED EGOIST MUST SOMETIME SLEEP...
...ENTER NOW THE OWNER OF THIS WRETCHED HOVEL... WHO WILL BECOME A PAWN TO FATE... AND THUS THE MOST ANGUISHED SOUL IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND...

...BREW OF SATAN...
...SIMMER YE WELL...
...CONJERE ME UP A MAN...
...TO RISE OUT OF HELL...
...WHAT IS THIS?...
LORD LUCIFER!!... YOU HAVE GRANTED MY SPELL AND GIVEN ME A DEMON...
...WHAT DRIVEL DO YOU SPEAK?... I AM VLAD... YOUR DEPOSED MONARCH...
...BUT SIRE... I THOUGHT YOU DEAD!
...AS YOU SEE... ...I AM NOT DEAD OLD HAG!
SATAN SENT YOU TO ME!
...I DOUBT THAT! WHAT ARE YOU?... A WITCH?... A SORCERESS?...
AYE... MANY LONG YEARS SIRE...
...YOU HAVE POWERS OLD WOMAN?
AYE SIRE... THO NOT AS MANY AS I WOULD DESIRE!
WHY IS IT YOU ASK SATAN TO SEND YOU A MAN? YOU YET HAVE LUST IN YOU AT YOUR ADVANCED AGE?
NO SIRE... I SEEK A MAN TO HELP ME REVENGE MYSELF ON THOSE WHO MADE ME AN OUTCAST... I SEEK A MAN TO GIVE GREAT POWER...
...I MIGHT BE SUCH A MAN! WHAT POWERS DO YOU SPEAK OF?
...YOU... MY LEIGE?
WHAT POWERS?

...VLAD...YES...YOU ARE CALLED DRACULA OUT OF FEAR AND LOATHING... YES... YOU ARE THE MAN... ...YOU...
...DON'T SPEAK TO ME IN RIDDLES WITCH... WHAT POWER CAN YOU GIVE ME?
...YOU WILL DESTROY MY ENEMIES FOR ME IF I GIVE YOU THIS POWER?
...I THINK YOUR ENEMIES ARE ALSO MINE... YES...
...COME NEAR TO ME THEN... I WILL KISS YOU...
WHAT IS THIS? WHAT STUPIDITY IS THIS?
...DO AS I SAY DRACULA... COME TO ME ...AND I WILL GIVE YOU POWER UNDREAMED OF... UNHEARD OF...
...VERY WELL...

...WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?..
...IN TIME YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THE DETAILS OF WHAT I HAVE DONE...
...UNTIL NOW MY LORD DRACULA... NOW YOU ARE A VAMPIRE... NOW YOU ARE THE FIRST HUMAN OF PHYSICAL POWER TO BE A VAMPIRE... THE FIRST MAN MY LORD DRACULA...
...YOU ARE THE FIRST MAN TO BE A VAMPIRE...
...YOU HAVE MERELY DRAWN MY BLOOD...
...YOU THINK THAT IS ALL? DO YOU KNOW WHAT A VAMPIRE IS, MY LORD?
...VAMPIRISM?... SOME LEACHEROUS DISEASE OF OLD WOMEN...

...I DO FEEL A CERTAIN NEW POWER IN MY VEINS...AND NEW CRAVINGS...NEW LUSTS...
...AS YET I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THEM... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...
...I KNOW ONE THING... INSTEAD OF LEAVING MY CASTLE I MUST RETURN TO IT...
...AND HERE PAUSE TO THINK OVER MY FUTURE...
...WHAT HAVE I BECOME? WHAT ARE THE LEGENDS I HAVE HEARD ABOUT VAMPIRES...
...THAT THEY WERE OLD WOMEN... WITCHES... HAGS WHO LIVED-ON AFTER DEATH BY THIS STRANGE DISEASE THAT GAVE IMMORTALITY TO THE STRICKEN...
...OLD WOMAN'S TALES...
...YET...WHY DO I SENSE IN MY BONES THAT I HAVE POWER...
...OH... IF ONLY I COULD FLY THROUGH THE SKIES LIKE THAT NIGHT-BAT I WOULD FEEL SO FREE AND UNRESTRICTED BY THIS COMMONPLACE HUMAN BODY...
...UHHHH...
LUCIFER PRESERVE ME!!
...I DO HAVE UNHEARD-OF POWERS... I AM A MONSTROUS BAT... ABLE TO CHANGE FORM AT WILL...

... SO... THE WAY OF MY REVENGE IS NOW OBVIOUS...
...GET THAT DAMNED BAT OUT OF MY INN... ... SEIZE HIM... BY GOD... LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THE THING...
... I'VE GOT IT...
...IT'S CHANGING SOMEHOW...
...WAS DEAD... I HAVE COME BACK FROM MY GRAVE TO DESTROY YOU ALL...
...CRETINS... YOU OBSERVE WHO IT IS YOU'VE PLACED YOUR FILTHY HANDS UPON... ... I AM VLAD... DRACULA... YOUR KING...

NOT A SINGLE ONE OF YOU IS SAFE FROM ME... YOU ARE ABSOLUTE SLAVES...
...YOU WISH A DEMONSTRATION... GLADLY... GIRL... COME HERE...
LOOK INTO MY EYES...
MY MIND IS YOUR MIND...
...YES...
GOOD GOD!
SHE DIDN'T EVEN SCREAM!
...HERE'S A KNIFE... THRUST IT INTO YOURSELF... DESTROY YOURSELF... AT MY COMMAND...
...YES...
...IT'S NOT POSSIBLE... HOW CAN HE MAKE HER DO SUCH A THING?...
NOW YOU SEE MY POWER... ...NOW YOU SHALL BECOME SLAVES TO MY WILL...
...WHAT ARE YOU? WHAT HAVE YOU BECOME?
...I HAVE BECOME... WHAT HISTORY SHALL KNOW AS - THE PRINCE OF ALL VAMPIRES...
...I HAVE BECOME THE MASTER OF ALL MEN...
...THE LORD OF BLOOD...
...THUS IS HE BORN... THE MASTER VAMPIRE -- THE FIEND OUT OF HELL...
NEXT: THE GOD OF THE DEAD!

HORROR PREVIEW CONTEST

. . . can you fill in the missing VOICE BALLOONS ? The best 5 entries we receive will WIN an advance copy of the next issue . . . get your entry in FAST and you can become a WINNER . . .

MAIL TO:
SKYWALD
CONTEST #6
RM 1501
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NEW YORK CITY,
N.Y. 10017

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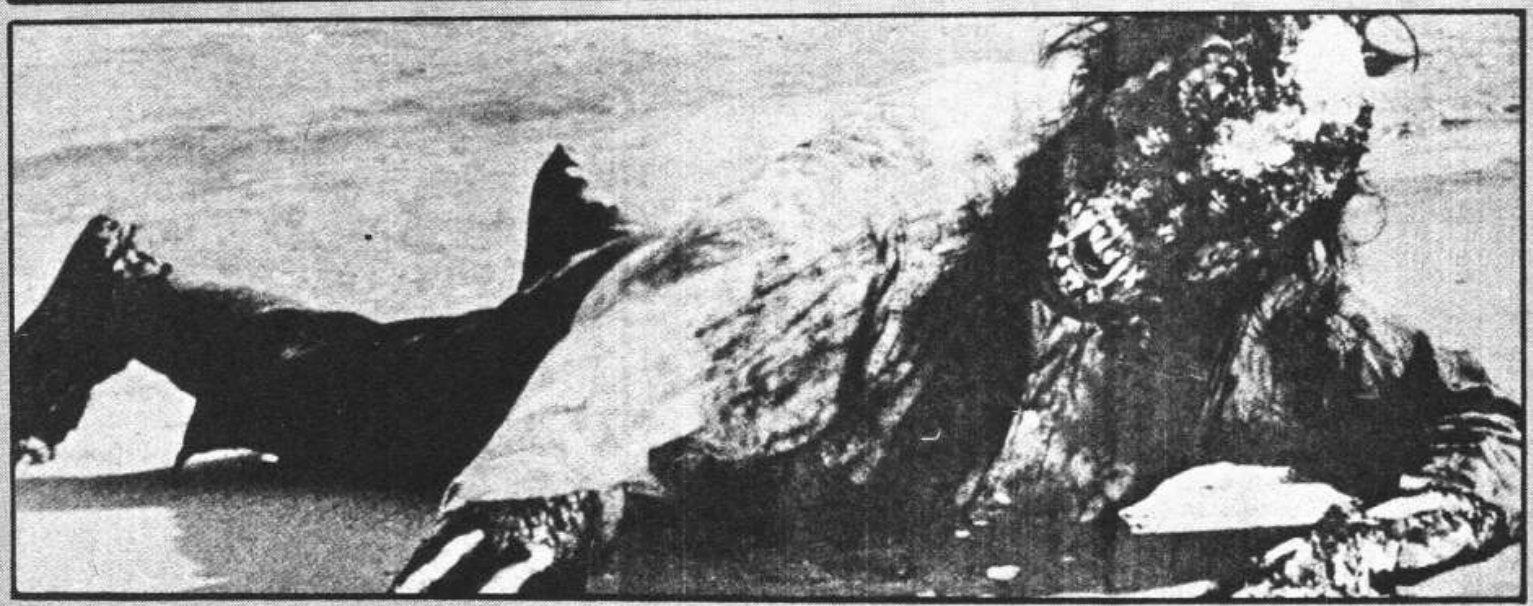
scenes from
The Great Classic Horror Movies

scenes from
The Great Classic Horror Stories



scenes from

The Great Classic HORROR MOVIES

THE BEGINNING OF HORROR

As experimenters invented the motion picture, so they used the primary elements of horror as an exercise in drama. In 1893 a picture was filmed dramatizing the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, showing her decapitation and the bloody head falling to the ground. Frankenstein's monster, starring Charles Ogle, was made in 1910, and the first DRACULA, NOSFERATU, was made in 1921. From the beginning, whether for public viewing or private experimenting, horror has been vital to the development of the motion picture, for in horror is nearly every dramatic element of the art — suspense, pathos, humor, anger, the fantastique — both in story and in setting, and every human emotion — and inhuman emotion.

The first films, the 1908 DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, the 1910 FRANKENSTEIN, the 1912 DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, the 1913 THE VAMPIRE, the 1914 THE GOLEM, the 1915 THE PORTRAIT OF DORIAN GRAY, the 1915 THE MADNESS OF DR. TUBE and the 1916 THE VICTIM, by today's standards, are little more than melodramatic, though seriously intended, examples of filmmakers developing their art. We look at them not so much as horror, than as dramas.

The first films to stand up today, as genuine horror, are the German films: THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI, starring Werner Krauss — 1919, NOSFERATU — 1922, METROPOLIS — 1926 and the American films of Lon Chaney Sr.: THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME — 1923, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA — 1925 and LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT — 1927.

Sound gave the horror film legitimacy. During the silent era, they were known as melodramas, but in the early 1930's they became recognized as a private realm of cinema image, and Hollywood developed its other types of film on the bankrolls made by FRANKENSTEIN with Karloff in 1931, THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE in 1931 with Peter Lorre, DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE with Fredric March in 1932, THE OLD DARK HOUSE with Karloff in 1932, and in particular with the highly controversial (often STILL called 'the ghastliest film ever made') FREAKS in 1932.

HOUSE OF WAX 1953

THE WOLFMAN 1941

FRANKENSTEIN 1931

THE HEYDAY OF HORROR

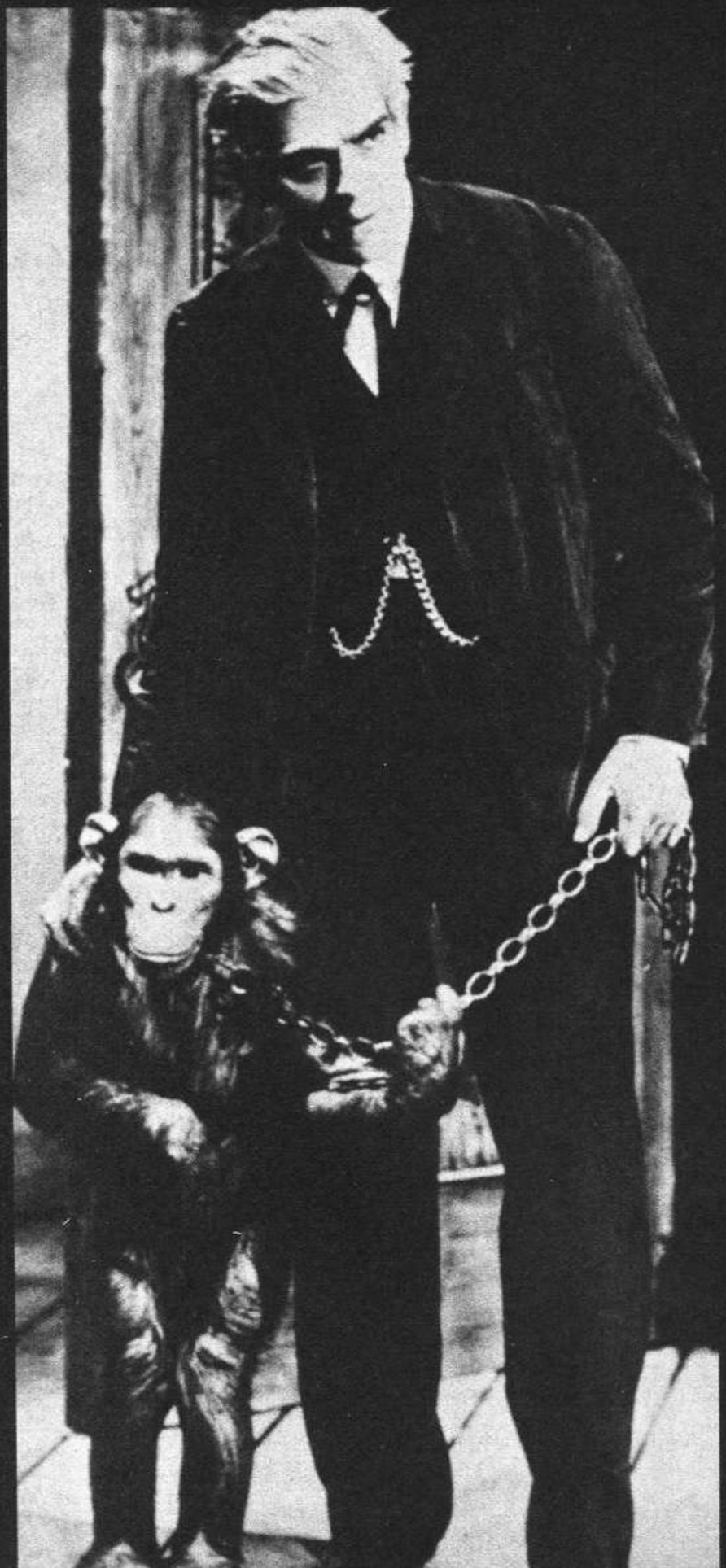
During the 1930's and the early 1940's, the horror film developed its famous themes and its fabulous monsters. James Whale's FRANKENSTEIN, Tod Browning's DRACULA, Rouben Manoulian's JEKYLL AND HYDE, James Whale's THE INVISIBLE MAN and Karl Freund's THE MUMMY were all made within a very few years, and all took their characters and plots from the horror literature of the 18th and 19th centuries. Many adaptations were also made of Edgar Allan Poe's works during this period, including THE BLACK CAT, THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM, and MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE.

KING KONG, made by RKO in 1933, was one of the very few films made which was innovative in its character and story. Yet all the films of this period, whether classics or simple commercial movies, are memorable inasmuch as they were made with taste, intellect, and style. Horror was often suggested, not shown, and hence the suspense and drama was heightened when the horror was in the mind of the audience, rather than dripping in bloody buckets on the screen. The old era ended in 1941 with THE WOLF-MAN with Lon Chaney Jr. It is fitting perhaps that the whole thing began with father, and ended with son.

THE INVISIBLE MAN with Claude Rains

THE RAVEN with Bela Lugosi

THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON with Henry Hull



Boris Karloff in THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND - 1936

DRACULA with Christopher Lee

THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS with Charles Laughton

KING KONG with King Kong

BLOOD AND GORE

In 1957, after 16 years of funny horrors — which weren't funny, and science fiction films — with horror titles, horror came back to the screen — but somehow it was different — suspense gave way to outright violence, a trickle of blood gave way to an overturned bucket, and Hammer and American International were born. 17 years later, today, they still head the field of cinema horrors, but only rarely do they produce anything worthwhile. Hammer's 1957 THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN introduced Terence Fisher, and American International's 1960 THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER introduced Roger Corman, the two directors who have most destroyed the legitimate horror medium. Horror became a tongue-in-cheek joke, a fast-buck medium, when these men, lacking aesthetic lustre as much as they lacked taste, almost wrecked horror. Yet out of these times emerged Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing and Vincent Price to replace Chaney, Lugosi and Karloff as the monster-men of the screen.

Brian Peck's THE PIT of 1960, THE INNOCENTS by Twentieth Century Fox in 1961, based on Henry James TURN OF THE SCREW, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE? in 1962, Hitchcock's THE BIRDS in 1963 and HUSH, HUSH SWEET CHARLOTTE in 1964 proved that the horror film was not dead, that blood was not necessary to make money, and that taste, intellect, and style were still alive, and here to stay. Alfred Hitchcock's PSYCHO in 1960 and Brian de Palma's SISTERS in 1973, proved that blood is not necessarily anti-aesthetic, and that blood and violence could be made into a film with taste, intellect and style. The quality lies not in the subject, but in the purveyor.

If the purveyors of horror in the future look to Hitchcock and Whale and forget about Fisher and Corman then we'll have a future a little worth looking forward to.

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI - Werner Krauss

THE BODY-SNATCHER - Boris Karloff

scenes from The Great Classic HORROR STORIES

"IN HIS PERFORMANCE AS RODERICK USHER IN POE'S CLASSIC: THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER -- LEGEND DRIVES A MAN INSANE THEN CAUSES HIS PITIFUL DEATH!"

CLASSIC ORIGINS

Bram Stoker, Mary Shelley, H. P. Lovecraft, Edgar Allan Poe, Gaston Leroux, Oscar Wilde, Henry James, R. L. Stevenson and Nathaniel Hawthorne made horror movies what they are today, yet most of these authors DIED before the movies were even BORN! Their contributions to the cinema are no less great than their contributions to great classic literature.

Though the movies have made their creations household words, their novels stand famous even without cinema exploitation. FRANKENSTEIN, by Mary Shelley, and DRACULA, by Bram Stoker, was popular late-night reading at the turn of the century, long before radio, television and movies came to demand so much of our evening attention. During the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, the gothic novel was in its heyday. The short stories of Poe and Stevenson were almost required reading for anyone who read — the tales THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM, THE PREMATURE BURIAL, THE HOUSE OF USHER, by Poe, and DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE and THE BODY-SNATCHER by Stevenson were known to everyone who was literate enough to be able to enjoy the daily newspaper — in those days, most short stories were first published in newspapers and newspaper tabloid-like literary journals, like Poe's SOUTHERN MESSENGER, which sold for pennies apiece, and therefore within everyone's financial means.

ONE OF A KIND HORRORS

Many authors, whose main topics of writing were other than horror fantasy, contributed one or two pieces of fiction to fantastique literature, and strangely — are remembered more for their single horror piece than for all their other work. Nathaniel Hawthorne is remembered for THE HOUSE OF THE 7 GABLES and TWICE TOLD TALES, not for his SNOW IMAGE or other works. W. F. Henley is remembered for his THE MUMMY - A KING IN BABYLON, and Gaston Leroux is best recalled for THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, though he wrote many other works.

Oscar Wilde, famous for his plays, wrote only one story, yet it is considered a masterpiece — THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY. Victor Hugo's HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME became famous because of its character Quasimodo, the hunchback — yet actually the book is entitled (variously) THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, and is a romantic novel about the love of a gypsy girl, Esmeralda, for a French soldier. Mary Shelley is never remembered for anything except FRANKENSTEIN, and Stoker's character DRACULA was his only writing of consequence.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

by Gaston Leroux

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA was the only notable work of French author Gaston Leroux. In fact, the novel was out-of-print 'till Universal adapted it for the silent movie starring Lon Chaney Sr. This horror masterpiece was recently adapted into the HORROR-MOOD illustrated format by artist JESUS DURAN, and to the best of our knowledge this is the first time this complete work has ever been literally adapted since its original publication in 1908.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

by Oscar Wilde

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY was the only novel of OSCAR WILDE, yet it stands today as one of the finest works of horror literature. The tale of a man who sold his soul to the devil in exchange for an outward appearance of innocence, has fascinated every reader — for what man alive has not for a moment considered a trade with Satan for earthly pleasures. This tale was recently adapted for the HORROR-MOOD by artist CESAR, and generated as much excitement in illustrated form as did the original novel.

WHEN HIS SERVANTS ENTERED THEY FOUND, LEANING UPON THE WALL, A SPLENDID PORTRAIT OF THEIR MASTER AS THEY HAD LAST SEEN HIM, IN ALL THE WONDER OF HIS EXQUISITE YOUTH AND BEAUTY! LYING ON THE FLOOR WAS A DEAD MAN, IN EVENING DRESS, WITH A KNIFE IN HIS HEART! HE WAS WITHERED, WRINKLED AND LOATHSOME OF VISAGE... IT WAS NOT UNTIL THEY HAD EXAMINED HIS IDENTIFICATION THAT THEY RECOGNIZED WHO IT WAS.'

EDGAR ALLAN POE

The works of Entombed EDGAR ALLAN POE are a regular feature in these HORROR-MOOD pages. Rarely is Poe adapted literally, or even decently, into another medium — THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM, THE PREMATURE BURIAL, THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER and A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM are a serious attempt to bring to you the works of the master POE in illustrated form. Soon, you will be reading in SKYWALD pages THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE, THE TELL-TALE HEART and THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, and Poe's full length novel, adapted by CESAR LOPEZ in a 25 page special blockbuster masterpiece — THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET.

"... I SAW MY YOUNGEST BROTHER TOSSED ABOUT LIKE A LITTLE LEAF IN THE SHARP, CRUEL WATERS... I SAW HIM DROWN... I SAW HIS BODY RIPPED TO RIBBONS BY THE HORRIBLE WATERS..."

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

I GASPED AND STRUGGLED AT EACH VIBRATION... I SHRUNK CONVULSIVELY AT ITS EVERY SWEEP...TEN OR TWELVE VIBRATIONS WOULD BRING THE STEEL IN CONTACT WITH MY LIFE...

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

art by GUAL

H. P. LOVECRAFT

The HORROR-MOOD popular SHOGGOTH SERIES is based upon the characters created by H. P. Lovecraft, whose shoggoth creations he wove into many of his great and weird works. This series has proved so immensely popular that SKYWALD readers are invited to participate in the upcoming INTERNATIONAL SKYWALD SHOGGOTH CRUSADE. An announcement will be made in the next chapter of this series: THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE, illustrated by CARDONA, and anyone wishing to join will be entitled to receive a free certificate of membership. The scenes shown here are by artists CESAR and GUAL, and are from the SHOGGOTH tales: WHERE ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH, THIS ARCHAIC BREEDING GROUND, and THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH by Archaic Al Hewetson.

WHAT ARE ***THEY?*** THEY ARE ***THE SPAWN OF CTHULU... THE ANCIENT ONES...*** WHO HAVE MINDS THAT CAN ***REASON*** AND ***ACT...*** BUT UNLIKE THE MINDS OF ***MEN*** THEY NEED NO CONSCIENCE OR JUSTIFICATION FOR THEIR ACTIONS...NO MORALITY...

art by CESAR

THE 20th CENTURY HORRORS

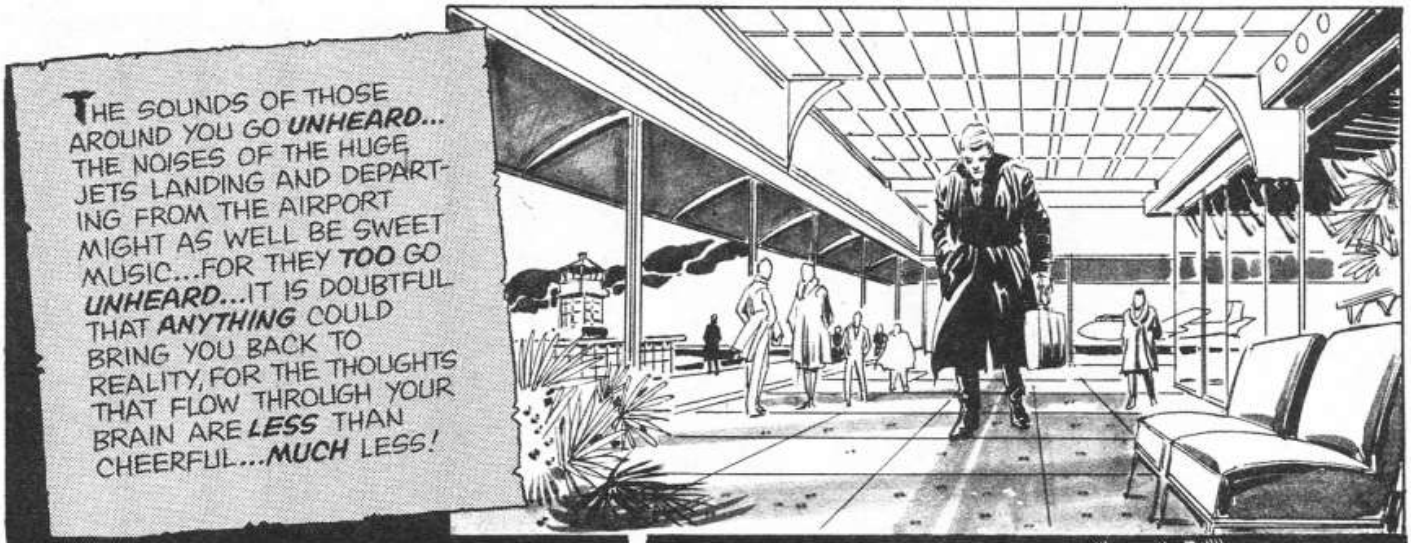
Ambrose Bierce, Algernon Blackwood and Howard Phillips Lovecraft are the men of more modern history who are our contemporary masters of horror. During the 1920's and 30's their works chilled the hearts of all who dared read AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS, THE HORROR AT RED HOOK, HE, THE EVIL CLERGYMAN by Lovecraft, THE EMPTY HOUSE, THE HUMAN CHORD by Blackwood, and THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY, THE FIEND'S DELIGHT and COBWEBS FROM AN EMPTY SKULL by Bierce.

More recently, though too recent to yet be called classic, the weird works of Ray Bradbury, Robert Bloch, Rod Serling and Albert Feldstein, are the horror tales that will be remembered as the macabre outpourings of these 1950's, 60's and 70's. Their tales of terror, suspense and horror will rank with the masters of yesterday — Saki's BEASTS AND SUPER-BEASTS, Lord Dunsany's THE GODS OF PEGANA, James' THE ALTAR OF THE DEAD, THE TURN OF THE SCREW and THE BEAST IN THE JUNGLE, Machen's THE HOUSE OF SOULS and the first werewolf story: THE FEAST OF TRIMALCHIO, written in Ancient Greece by Petronius.
There is no lack of horror literature. There never has been, there is not now, and so long as man fears the unknown — and writes about it — there never will be!

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

DRACULA

...DEATH! IT IS A VISAGE OF PURE HORROR--THE WRETCHED FACE FEW LOOK INTO--THE HUMANITY-GUTTED ALTER EGO OF DR. JEKYLL--THAT OF EDWARD HYDE!


THE SOUNDS OF THOSE AROUND YOU GO UNHEARD... THE NOISES OF THE HUGE JETS LANDING AND DEPARTING FROM THE AIRPORT MIGHT AS WELL BE SWEET MUSIC...FOR THEY TOO GO UNHEARD...IT IS DOUBTFUL THAT ANYTHING COULD BRING YOU BACK TO REALITY, FOR THE THOUGHTS THAT FLOW THROUGH YOUR BRAIN ARE LESS THAN CHEERFUL...MUCH LESS!

YOU LIVE FOR ONE THING NOW...REVENGE, REVENGE UPON THE ONE WHO TORE FROM YOU ALL YOUR DREAMS AND PRAYERS...
DOMINIK SAID SHE CAME TO AMERICA...IT IS HERE THAT I'LL FIND HER...AND WHEN I DO...I'LL KILL HER!!
I MUST FIND HER...BUT WHEN I DO, WHAT THEN? THERE IS NO ONE IN THIS COUNTRY THAT I CAN CALL A FRIEND...

WRITTEN BY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL
ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE

The HORROR of the MONSTER, MONSTER SAGA CHAPTER 6

CAN YOU, LITTLE MAN? DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'LL BE ANY DIFFERENT HERE? THINK HARD LITTLE MAN, BUT REMEMBER...NOTHING IS EVER TRULY WHAT IT SEEMS. NOW THAT YOU'RE IN THIS NEW LAND YOU SHOULD REMEMBER THAT...YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW! BUT YOUR THOUGHTS ARE ELSEWHERE, FOR THIS LAND IS YOUR OWN PERSONAL HEAVEN...FOR NOW!

AND IN THIS LAND...A MONSTER

WELL, THIS IS IT! THIRTY DOLLARS A WEEK IN ADVANCE, MISTER...UHH... WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?
CRAYNE... UHH...VINCENT CRAYNE...
FINE. THIRTY DOLLARS, MR. CRAYNE.
SHE LEAVES YOU, AND YOU ARE GLAD OF THAT AS YOU TAKE FROM YOUR SUITCASE THE ITEM THAT MEANS MORE TO YOU THAN ANYTHING ELSE...THE PICTURE OF ONE...THE ONLY ONE...WHO HAD EVER LOVED YOU!
...FOR SOMETHING... ANYTHING...TO LEAD YOU TO YOUR REVENGE. BUT THIS IS A CITY OF MILLIONS OF PEOPLE... HOW IN THE NAME OF GOD WOULD YOU EVER FIND ONE?
"YOU SIT FOR HOURS IN THE ROOM, THINKING, BROODING, AND PLANNING ...BUT DOES IT HELP? DOES IT EASE THE PAIN OF BEING ALONE...
NO, IT DOESN'T. NOTHING CAN EVER EASE THAT, AND SO YOU LEAVE THE CONFINES OF THE ROOM TO SEARCH...
GOD...I DIDN'T KNOW THERE'D BE SO MANY...
SO MANY PEOPLE... PRESSING IN ON ME...
...CAN'T BREATHE...
...GOTTA GET AWAY... FROM THEM...

YOU'RE AFRAID NOW... TERRIFIED...YOU CAN FEEL THE CHANGE COMING, BUT MERCIFULLY, IT IS DARK IN THE ALLEY, AND YOU CANNOT SEE THE CHANGE...BUT SUDDENLY, THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE YOU CANNOT SEE...
OKAY, MAN...MAKE IT EASY ON YOURSELF. YOU CAN'T SEE US, BUT WE CAN SEE YOU, AND YOU'RE JUST A SMALL DUDE, SO LET'S HAVE THE BREAD, OKAY?
YOU HEAR THEM, AND YOU KNOW THEY MEAN NO GOOD. IT TAKES A MINUTE FOR YOUR ANIMAL EYES TO ADJUST TO THE BLACKNESS...AND FOR THE KEEN SENSE OF ANIMAL SMELL TO PINPOINT THEIR PRESENCE...
C'MON, MAN... WE DON'T WANNA HAVE TO CUT YOU UP TOO MUCH!
WE MIGHT DO IT ANYWAY, PAL SO HAND OVER THE GREENIES.
OKAY, PAL...YOU ASKED FOR IT!
OH MY GOD! NO, NO NO!!
THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE, HASN'T IT, MONSTER?
...AND WHAT FOLLOWS HAS ALSO HAPPENED!
THE PAIN...THE BURNING AGONY OF THAT TINY PIECE OF LEAD THAT LIES WITHIN YOUR ANIMAL BRAIN...AND THE HATRED...THE SAVAGE, ANIMAL HATRED...

AAAAHHH...
LASH OUT, PUNK, BUT IT'LL DO YOU NO GOOD. YOU'VE BITTEN OFF JUST A BIT MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW THIS TIME!
DON'T YOU AGREE?
NO... GET BACK! DAMN YOU!
GET BACK!
NO... PLEASE... NO...NO...

IT'S OVER... YOU'VE KILLED TWO MORE, MONSTER. TRUE, THEY WERE NOT FIT TO LIVE, BUT YOU KILLED THEM... DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHY?
A MOVEMENT... PERHAPS ONLY AN INCH OR TWO, BUT IT IS ENOUGH TO ATTRACT YOUR ATTENTION ...YOUR KEEN ANIMAL SENSES...
WAIT!!
DON'T KILL ME! I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING...
NOTHING!
YOU START TOWARD HIM, BUT THERE IS SUDDENLY A STRONGER SCENT THAN THAT OF THE TERRIFIED MANLING BEFORE YOU...
A SCENT THAT YOU CAN PLACE ACCURATELY BEFORE YOU EVER SEE THE SHADOWED FORM DROP TO THE GROUND ONLY YARDS AWAY...

OH... GOD!!
STARE AT THIS ONE...THIS ALMOST CARBON COPY OF YOURSELF, AND WONDER IF MAYBE HERE THERE IS SOME SORT OF FELLOWSHIP ...A SENSE OF ONENESS...
...BUT DON'T WONDER TOO LONG, BECAUSE YOU JUST MAY END UP... DEAD!
THIS ISN'T HAPPENING... IT CAN'T BE!

YOUR THOUGHTS ARE NOT OF KINSHIP **NOW**...INSTEAD, THEY ARE ONLY OF THE **KILLING** OF THIS LOOK-ALIKE CREATURE WHO TRIES **DESPERATELY** TO KILL **YOU!**

BUT YOUR BATTLE RANGES FAR **BEYOND THIS** ONE. YOU HAVE A PURPOSE...**REVENGE!** AND **NO** CREATURE, REGARDLESS OF SIMILARITY, CAN STAY YOU FROM COMPLETING THAT REVENGE!

LOOK, MAN...LET ME GO. I **SWEAR** I DIDN'T SEE **ANYTHING**...
...AND EVEN IF I **DID** I'D NEVER SAY ANYTHING! YOU **GOTTA** BELIEVE ME... PLEASE...
...I **SWEAR** IT, MAN...
...I...UHH...

THERE IS A **PEACE** OF SORTS NOW, AS YOU SURVEY THE SCENE OF BLOODSHED AND WANTON **KILLING.** A PEACE THAT SLOWLY BEGINS TO TRIGGER A **CHANGE** INSIDE YOU...

YOU REALIZE THAT HIS CONDITION MIGHT BE YOUR FAULT. SO YOU BEND, STRUGGLING UNDER HIS BULK AS HE ATTAINS A STATE OF HALF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

...UNTIL, ALMOST AN HOUR LATER, YOU SIT, SILENT, WATCHING THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF THE YOUNG MAN. YOU'VE LITTLE RECOLLECTION OF WHAT PASSED THIS NIGHT...BUT MAYBE, IF THIS MAN BEFORE YOU IS A FRIEND, MAYBE, MAYBE...

...YOUR THOUGHTS TRAIL OFF, AND YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS LIKE TO BE TRULY ALONE...WITH NOTHING TO CALL YOUR OWN. BUT THERE IS A FLICKER OF HOPE, AND WHERE YOU CAN FIND HOPE, YOU MAY PERHAPS FIND FRIENDSHIP, AND FROM THERE...

NEXT: CHAPTER 7 OF THE ***MONSTER, MONSTER SAGA:*** **VISIONS OF BLOODY DEATH!**

What is horror? No — WHO is horror? WHO tortures 2 helpless girls without seeming point or reason? WHO dares k i d n a p their minds and put them through living HELL? WHO — and WHY?
The ANSWERS are a long, long way off — but in each chapter of THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS there are unmistakeable C L U E S which can only lead to one GHASTLY CONCLUSION! Like whoodunits? If you manage to solve THIS horror-whoodunit it'll KILL YOU!
THE VICTIMS
appear in every issue of
SCREAM